

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
714 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.
Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C.,
as second-class mail matter.

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Under the Direction of
SCOTT C. BONE, Editor
HENRY L. WEST, Business Manager
Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

Subscription Rates by Carrier.
Daily and Sunday.....40 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$4.80 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....38 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$4.56 per year

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday.....30 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....\$3.60 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....28 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.36 per year
Sunday, without daily.....\$2.00 per year

No attention will be paid to anonymous
contributions, and no communications to
the editor will be printed except over the
name of the writer.

Manuscripts offered for publication will
be returned if unavailable, but stamps
should be sent with the manuscript for
that purpose.

All communications intended for this
newspaper, whether for the daily or the
Sunday issue, should be addressed to
THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERG
SPECIAL AGENT, Broadway Building
Chicago Representative, BARNARD A. BRAD-
HAM, Boyce Building.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the
city, either for a short or long
stay—whether they go to mountain
or seashore, or even across the sea
—should not fail to order
The Washington Herald sent to them
by mail. It will come regularly,
and the addresses will be changed
as often as desired. It is the home
news you will want while away
from home. Telephone Main 3300,
giving old and new address.

Roosevelt's Future.

What will Theodore Roosevelt do?
This inquiry is in the public mind to-
day. It is the universal thought.

On his memorable trip, taken pri-
marily for the purpose of self-effacement,
while the new administration went
through its formative stages, he received
homage seldom accorded save to royal
personages, and now, welcomed to his
native land as only two other men in
our history—Grant and Dewey—ever were
welcomed, he is admittedly the most
striking, formidable, and picturesque figure
in American life. Moreover, he is the
most forceful and commanding figure.

What will this man of destiny—Theodore Roosevelt—do?
Nobody, not even the strenuous apostle
of the square deal himself, can answer
that question. Only the future can re-
veal his course, direct his way, and shape
his further destiny.

Events make men; men do not make
events. He could not control his future,
if he tried. Unlike his fellows in tem-
perament, character, and characteristics,
he is no more able to control his public
life than is the average public man. He
can regulate it, in a measure. That is
all.

If Theodore Roosevelt could have made
his career, he would have begun it by
being elected mayor of New York, and
perhaps ended it there.

If he could have controlled his destiny,
he would never have become Vice Pres-
ident of the United States, and, therefore,
in all probability, never have become
President.

This world-stirring journey, now so tri-
umphantly closed, would never have oc-
curred if he could have controlled his
future ten years ago.

An extraordinary and intensely acute
political situation exists on his return.
The past furnishes no parallel for it. A
crisis confronts the party that has so
long been in the ascendancy and exer-
cised the ruling hand in the affairs of
the republic.

Abnormal economic and industrial con-
ditions, produced by an era of expansion
hitherto unknown, and a break-up in par-
ties, for which the seven years of Theod-
ore Roosevelt's independent and virile
administration are largely responsible—
these things now combine to render the
political future—even the nation's future—
more uncertain and problematical than
ever before.

Theodore Roosevelt will do something.
This is sure. He is forever doing some-
thing. Inactivity is never his lot. Aim-
less drifting is foreign to his nature.
Whatever he does, his is to be no secon-
dary or subordinate role.

Theodore Roosevelt has done much for
this country of ours. He has made him-
self a world factor. And to his voice the
masses will ever be ready to listen.

But if we do not know what Theodore
Roosevelt is going to do—if his future is
full of political uncertainty—we do know
that he is a brave, high-minded, full-
fledged American patriot, with heart at-
tuned to the country's welfare; and,
knowing that, we know he has not come
home to plot with partisan factions or
allow his potent personality to be used
for the advancement of selfish political
ends. And this knowledge is sufficient
unto the day.

A Bill That Ought to Pass.

Now that Congress is about to adjourn,
there is one bill, relatively unimportant,
perhaps, but of considerable significance,
nevertheless, that ought to pass, and
that will pass, we hope. It is Senator
Flint's bill to establish in the Depart-
ment of the Interior a children's bureau.
The purpose of this proposed bureau
is entirely worthy, and its possibility for
good almost unlimited. It will be
charged with the duty of investigating
and reporting upon all matters pertain-
ing to the welfare of children throughout
the nation. It will be especially charged
with the investigation of infant mortality,
the birth rate, physical degeneracy,
orphange, juvenile delinquency, desert-
ion, dangerous occupations, accident,
youthful diseases, employment, and so
forth and so on. The bill has been fa-

vorably reported, and its passage is
practically assured, if it can be brought
to a vote before adjournment.

Every philanthropic society, individual,
and organization of any considerable im-
portance in the United States has in-
dorsed the bill and petitioned Congress,
directly or indirectly, to enact the mea-
sure into law. The proposal is humane
in intent and entirely specific in scope.
It is sought merely to gather facts and
figures of an authoritative kind, from
which and upon which child life in this
country may be rationally studied, ana-
lyzed, and considered logically and com-
prehensively. No national legislation is
contemplated in the Flint bill other
than that outlined herein. The work
sought to be put under way is purely
statistical and inquisitive.

It is to be hoped that Congress may
see fit to consider the bill before ad-
journment, and pass it. It comes well
recommended, and it deserves the few
minutes of time necessary to its enact-
ment into law, even at this late hour.

On Disappointment.

It used to be said that "nothing is sure
in this world but death and taxation,"
and to that we may add that, however
humble our desires and aspirations, we
are sure to meet with many disappoint-
ments before we gain them. It is not
infrequent to hear men quote with a cer-
tain glibness, "Blessed is he that ex-
pecteth little," but the truth of it seldom
applies, for man is so constituted that he
expects much. It is right that this
should be so; that we should pitch our
expectations high; not blindly and with
fatuous hope reaching out for things be-
yond our grasp, but fitting ourselves with
care and patience and knowledge to be
fit for whatever we expect, if good-for-
tune brings it to us.

It is in the disappointments that meet
us on the march of life that the human
spirit thrives. As Goethe said:
"All men are disappointed in their hopes
and expectations. Life is calculated only
by its gains and losses? Who has not
made arrangement on arrangement and
has not seen them broken to pieces? How
often does a man not strike into a road
only to lose it again! How often are we
not turned aside from the point which we
had sharply before our eyes, but only to
reach some higher stage! The traveler,
to his greatest annoyance, breaks a
wheel upon the journey, and through this
unexpected accident makes some charm-
ing acquaintance and forms some new
connection which has influence on all his
life."

This is but to say, in other words, that
we are all creatures of circumstance;
subject to fortune and doomed often to
miss the goal to which we aim. But if
we have clear-sightedness enough to re-
cognize this truth, and if circumstance
reach for us with "that tell clutch" of
which the poet, W. E. Henley, speaks,
we shall be able to endure bravely. Like
Henley, we shall "not wince nor cry
aloud," but bear our disappointment
nobly and find blessing in it.

To the life in which all have passed
one expected or hoped, there would seem
come a sort of moral stagnation. With
no great difficulties to overcome, one's
hope and heart would become atrophied,
and a man might as well be a peaceful
cow, chewing the cud in the sunshine and
waiting for the end. It needs, for the
human soul, the keen pain of bitter dis-
appointment to rouse the best that is in
our souls. Stevenson recognized this
when he appealed to "The Celestial Sur-
geon."

"If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if, morning dews,
Bosks and my life and summer rain
Knocked on my silent heart in vain—
Lo, Thy most potent pleasure take
And slay my spirit dead awake;
Or, Lord, if I do deserve it,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

But fortunately there are keen disap-
pointments for all of us—disappointments
that instead of making us sullen and
hopeless shall rouse the spirit within us
to front what remains. It is not dis-
appointment, of course, to find when we
saw dragons' teeth that we reap disaster—
that was to be expected. To sow
kindness and to reap unkindness; to sow
love and to garner hate—these are the
real disappointments of life against
which no care or prayer of ours will
avail.

But the virtue of the thing lies here:
Life is not a thing of set and bounden
rules—so much love expended; so much
due in return; so much revenge sought;
so much hatred to be paid. The virtue
lies in realizing that in spite of all our
efforts and strivings, all our deservings,
we may never reap the reward. Realiz-
ing that this is but natural, and that
compensations are to be looked for else-
where, we shall cultivate a spirit that
shall be able to meet any disappointment
in life, face it down with a laugh, and
turn it to our profit.

It is only the coward who, faring
through life, fears to take a step lest he
fall into some sin or danger. To such a one
disappointment may seem a thing to be
avoided, lest his spirit be crushed to
earth. But the brave man always will
"greet the unseen with a cheer," taste
of disappointment with a rare gusto as
if it were the very salt of life, and so,
with renewed spirit and bounding heart,
go forward on the road, armed against
fate and with keen appetite for large
adventure.

The Army Engineers.

Whatever may be the reasons which
have induced the House of Representa-
tives to pass, and the Senate Military
Committee to report favorably, the bill
for the increase of the Corps of En-
gineers of the army, there is much that
is entitled to Senatorial consideration in
the minority report from that committee.
The additional expense in the way of
maintenance and the increase in the re-
tired list on account of this pending bill
are features which, of themselves, should
receive attention in the Senate when the
bill comes up for debate before that body.
Moreover, this bill has been singled out
in preference to other projects of relief
of the army personnel for no definable
reason. At least equal necessity exists
for the increase or reorganization of the
Signal Corps and the Quartermasters' De-
partment, to say nothing of the bill which
fills the vacancies—some 700 in number—
in the line of the army by reason of the
absence of line officers from their com-

mands on account of detached duty.
None of these bills stands the least
chance of enactment, despite the gallant
efforts made by the military authorities
to convince Congress of the importance
of the legislation.

In the minority report on the army en-
gineer bill, the suggestion is again made
that legislation of benefit to the army
personnel be incorporated in a compre-
hensive measure, which shall avoid doing
what is necessary in a piecemeal fashion.
That has been a point made consistently
by the War Department, and we have
heard much during the past two years
of a general proposition upon which the
experts of the general staff have been
at work. It appears to have been shelved
or otherwise, overlooked for some mys-
terious reason.

A phase of the legislation increasing
the Corps of Engineers, partly by the ad-
mission of civilian engineers, and so as
to enlarge the scope of its work to in-
clude at the discretion of the President
the supervision of public works any-
where, again presents the pertinent ques-
tion raised with convincing logic by the
infantry officers. In the journal of their
association, published in Washington,
these army officers, presumably express-
ing the view of their associates, empha-
size the allegation that the army en-
gineers are not of the military estab-
lishment, strictly speaking, inasmuch as
few of the officers of the Corps of En-
gineers are engaged upon military duty,
most of them being on civil work, such
as that in charge of river and harbor
improvements, the volume of which class
of work is to be increased, making the
engineers, by the name token, still less
of the military body. The question, nat-
urally presented is whether the Corps of
Engineers should be separated from the
army. At all events, the infantry offi-
cers, and probably the members of other
branches of the mobile army, do not
wish to have Congress take the attitude
that the present engineer legislation is
army personnel legislation to the extent
of refusing to do anything at the next
session because so much has been done,
or will have been done, along that line
at this session.

It may happen that the army, as dis-
tinguished from the engineers, is helped
by the latter, as is claimed by the en-
gineers who come in close contact with
Senators and Representatives on account
of river and harbor improvements and
surveys, but the discontent of the army,
still considering it as independent of the
engineers, may be appreciated when the
fact is that the advantages of that close
and friendly alliance have so far operated
to the exclusive benefit of the engineers.

"A Virginia author has been arrested
for plagiarizing a story of O. Henry,"
notes the Cleveland Leader. O. Henry
might have used the incident as the basis
of a good story.

Looking backward, it must seem like a
nightmare—beautiful dream to Gotham.

"A man's idleness looks like real genius
—to his mother," observed the New York
Press. And every little bit, some fond
mother is indicated by seeing her son
develop into a Wilbur Wright.

Praise of Gov. Gillett is very general;
but practically all of it is tempered with
a better-late-than-never finish.

An instrument has been perfected cap-
able of measuring and recording one-mil-
lionth of a second of time. Perhaps an
instrument capable of measuring and re-
cording one of Mr. Root's "constructive
recesses" may yet be perfected.

It will be, undoubtedly, impossible for
Mr. James Jay Corbett's tongue to utter
the thoughts that arise in him!

The weather man got busy with the
sunshine and roses when the colonel
sailed up the bay, all right! There is a
limit to the weather man's pernicious ac-
tivity, after all!

Mr. Roosevelt is so determined not to
say anything that might be twisted into
a political utterance that he will not even
express an opinion on the crop outlook
in Elba.

To sum the matter up, briefly and
pointedly: Mr. Roosevelt has returned to
his home, much to the delight of his
many friends.

We must give Gov. Gillett credit for
one thing. He did not seek to make
political capital by drawing the color
line in his proclamation against the
fight. Were Johnson a Chinaman, how-
ever, it might have been different.

The most pessimistic individual on
earth is the fellow who went so dead
broke on automobiles last summer that
he cannot play at aeroplaning this sum-
mer.

The railroads of this country have no
objections to the views Mr. Taft obtains
from their car windows, however. And
he obtains some few there, all right!

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Important, if True.

From the Mason News.
Congress may or may not adjourn soon.

Gives Us a Rest.

From the Detroit News.
But while buoyancy and regularity may each
have merits, the one best bet is adjustment.

Shocking!

From the Atlanta Constitution.
Will the strong man be able to hold his ground
when Taft meets him and "falls on his back."

Remember Patterson? Well—

From the New York Evening Post.
Gov. Patterson, of Tennessee, has been recon-
sidered—presumably on a platform favoring man-
slaughter by local option.

Bryan's Enemies Getting Busy.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
Petitions are being filed in Lincoln asking Mr.
Bryan to run for the United States Senate. Evi-
dently there are folks in Lincoln who want to see
Mr. Bryan licked again.

The Only Way.

From the Kansas City Times.
Gov. Hughes yesterday signed three bills designed
to prevent rail betting at race tracks. Bookmakers
now will be forced to take up the study of mental
telepathy.

Favored of Fate.

From the Atlanta Georgian.
Of the ninety-two United States Senators but
three are from Georgia. These fortunate Senators
are from California; Beveridge, of Indiana;
Owen and Gore, of Oklahoma; Nelson and Clark,
of Minnesota; Keck, of New Jersey; Dick, of Ohio,
and Smith, of Michigan.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SAME OLD STUFF.

We modern folks have many jokes,
But very few are new.
Can muster pass or ever class
As being new.

The piece of wit that we emit,
The joke we tell,
Evoked a smile along the Nile
Ere Memphis fell.

The humorist may give a twist
Or add a tag;
But if you're wise, you'll recognize
The ancient gag.

A Complete Change.

"You need a mental rest. Stop dis-
cussing pennant prospects."
"But, doctor—"

"No argument, now. Talk golf for
awhile instead of baseball."

In Holland.

"I've leased this old burglar's mansion."
"Quaint old house. But why are you
dragging that mass of trash to the
roof?"

"We are constructing a stock's nest.
All the old houses have 'em in Holland."

Sued for Damages.

I shot an arrow into the aer-
oplane.
It is a trick I'll never dare
Again.

An Unusual Press Club.

"Yes, sir, our press club is absolutely
unique."
"Oh, I don't know that a membership
of 400 is so very wonderful."

"But you must remember that we have
three newspaper men in it."

No Skirts There.

"Show me a man who isn't always
skulking behind a woman's skirts," de-
manded the militant suffragette.

"How about the fellow who sings in
the chorus?" invited a coarse brute in
the rear of the hall.

A Shift of Affections.

"What that stranger doing on the
beach? He seems to be making signals!"
"He has just proposed to me by wig-
wag," said the summer girl, "and I
think I shall accept him. Our engage-
ment is consequently off. Kindly row the
boat ashore."

ANDORRA'S PARLIAMENT.

Something About the Little Repub-
lic.

Between France and Spain.

From the New York Magazine.
The parliamentary procedure of An-
dorra, the tiny independent state which
lies sandwiched in between France and
Spain, is of the quaintest kind. Parlia-
ment having been called for a certain
day, the honorable members arrive in
groups on horses or mules, shod with the
usual Andorran foot gear, white-corded
sandals. The Casa da la Vall serves at
the same time for palace, parliament,
and prison, not to mention stables for the
members' steeds. After stabling the
animals on the ground floor the members
ascend to the hall of deliberations.
change their sandals for shoes, and put
on the official costume—a long black sort
of robe and a huge three-cornered hat.
These, when not in use, hang in a row
on pegs at the bottom of the hall.

The next proceeding is mass in the
chapel, tiny and bare, dedicated to the
Holy Ghost; then comes a meal served
on an oaken table without a cloth, and
even the daily menu is the same to-day
as it was centuries ago. The members
receive no emoluments, but they are
liberally fed and lodged in six bedrooms,
one for each parroquia, on the second
floor. Each bedroom has two large oak
bedsteads with comfortable feather beds
and pillows, linen sheets, and warm wool
rugs, striped red and green, the national
colors; a pewter basin and a huge pew-
ter pot of water flanked by a lump of
soap in a pewter dish, with four straw-
seated chairs, complete the furniture.
Two illustrious sines sleep in each bed.
Supper is taken at 8 p. m., after which
the President presides at evening prayers.
Then the members disrobe, hang their
garments each on its accustomed peg,
and troop off en masse to bed.

Memories.

From Commercial Traveler's Magazine.
I'd like to be a boy again without a
wife and a freckles scattered on
my face and hayseed in my hair. I'd like
to rise at 4 o'clock and find a hundred
chores, saw the wood and feed the hogs
and lock the stable doors; and herd the
hens and watch the bees and take the
mule to drink, and teach the turkeys
how to swim so that they wouldn't sink;
and milk about a hundred cows and bring
the wood to burn, and stand out in the
sun all day and churn and churn and
churn, and wear my brother's cast-off
clothes and walk four miles to school,
and get a licking every day for breaking
some old rule, and then get home again
at night and do the chores some more,
and milk the cows and feed the hogs and
curry milk gelding and then wash my
upstairs to seek my little bed, and
hear dad say: "That worthless boy! He
isn't worth his bread!" I'd like to be a
boy again—a boy has so much fun! His
life is just a round of mirth, from rise to
set of sun. I guess there's nothing pleas-
anter than closing stable doors and herd-
ing hens and chasing bees and doing
evening chores.

For Older Folks, Too.

"Remember, darling, this is Sunday,
and you must not play in the front yard,"
admonished a little girl's mother.

"Well, mamma," she asked thoughtfully,
"isn't it Sunday in the back yard, too?"

Electric House Cleaning.

Lightning ripped up the carpets, tore a
bed apart and smashed a gas meter in a
house at Poughkeepsie. It seems that
this phenomenon has been observed be-
fore, but it is usually known as house
cleaning.

THE SWEET GIRL GRAD.

Dear, Tololo, Bernard Shaw
And such a little sparrow
In these grades were low because
She simply couldn't care—
Of course she had to take them.
Thick-tressed, low-long, midnight hair!

In higher mathematics
She stood very, very low.
In all the deeper sciences
She knew a precious little
Of the north pole or the south—
But you ought to see her mouth!

She struggled with the languages,
The live ones and the dead,
And found it dreadful hard indeed
To get them through her head.
For she hadn't any choice—
But you ought to hear her voice!

Dreaded, heart-torn, springtime voice!
No, she didn't finish
With the leaders of her class
In truth, her parents worried
As to whether she would pass.
Contentedly, her graduation
Was a foregone conclusion.

But you ought to see her eyes!
Star-bright, night-soft, soul-deep eyes!
—James Bannister, in New York American.

DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"THE PURSUIT."

Frank Saville, whose latest novel,
"The Pursuit," has just been issued,
has succeeded in weighting down with im-
probabilities a tale whose atmos-
phere and motive might otherwise
have carried it to an artistic success.

But the author, in his endeavor to fur-
nish his reader with thrills, has gone
too far, and the credulity, strained to
the snapping point at the beginning,
breaks at the finish and leaves one
with a sense of dissatisfaction at the
somewhat inept treatment of a fairly
good idea.

The story deals with the kidnapping
of an American boy, an heir to mil-
lions, by his father, a renegade Eng-
lishman, and the subsequent adventures
of the boy's father in his struggle
with the kidnappers long enough to
turn it to advantage, and the physical
burts that are inflicted upon him are
sufficient to have killed him outright.
In reality, a dozen of the burlesque men
Only an act of God, namely, the Mes-
sina earthquake, saves him at last from
the villainous relative, whose
character is drawn with such ingenu-
ity as to leave nothing to be desired.
In picturing a fend incarnate—a
man insensible to honor, religion,
and humanity. When the earthquake
gives him at last, it is a great relief.

The ingenious idea of the novel, the
wicked characters all the advantage
is the only unique feature of this
story. It serves its purpose, this idea,
for it does not permit one to lay the
book down, and the result is, as above
stated—disappointment and dissatis-
faction.

Some of the scenes are vivid enough,
with a background of the Moroccan
coast. Gibraltar, and the Straits of
Gibraltar, the action taking place in
the bosom of the Mediterranean, but
even the most charming mis-en-
scene will not save an overdrawn
drama. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

Notes of the Books.

The publication of "The River and I"
by John G. Neiderh, a volume which
the Putnams were planning to bring into
print in May, has been unavoidably de-
layed, and the publishers have now de-
cided to hold it over till the autumn.
The river to which the author devotes
his remarkable descriptive powers is the
Missouri.

A new book from the pen of Charles F.
Holder, the California fisherman and fish-
ing correspondent, and the fishing com-
panion of Gifford Pinchot, cannot
fail to attract widespread attention at
this time, when it is known that the
author was on a fishing trip with Mr.
Pinchot, collecting material for "The
Channel Islands of California," pub-
lished by A. C. McClurg & Co., while the
Ballinger incident came to a head. In
fact, the anglers, who were all Pinchot-
ites, were literally bombarded by re-
porters.

Heretofore no announcement has been
made as to the name of "George Schock,"
author of the new novel "Hearts Con-
tending," save that it was the nom de
plume of a feminine writer living in
Pennsylvania. "George Schock" is in
reality Miss Katherine Louise, and her
home is Reading. She has written short
stories which have attracted attention
in Harper's Magazine, but this is her
first novel. Unlike her stories, "Hearts
Contending" is not written in dialect, al-
though its characters are the same sturdy
Berks County Germans.

Those who do not object to savagery
and remorseless frankness will welcome
the new edition of "The Poems of John-
son Swift," edited by Mr. W. Ernest
Brown, in two volumes, uniform with
Mr. Temple Scott's edition of Swift's
prose works. Besides collating and an-
notating the text, the editor has been able,
thanks to the diligence of the late John
Forster, to add a number of hitherto
unpublished. These, writes Mr.
Brown, in his preface, include "the
original version of 'Baucis and Philemon,'
and the original version of the hitherto
published 'Anubis House,' the verses entitled
'May Fair,' and numerous variations of
the texts of nearly all the principal
poems." The Macmillan Company will
handle this edition in America.

Ask Us Something Easy.

First policeman—Did you hear about
that woman on the West Side shooting
a burglar last night?

Second policeman—Yes. What do you
suppose she was aiming at?

From the Chicago News.
First policeman—Did you hear about
that woman on the West Side shooting
a burglar last night?

Second policeman—Yes. What do you
suppose she was aiming at?

From the Cleveland Leader.
The reporter—Where's the lady of the
house?

The Maid—Out.